The tóo and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt Ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile this way, you that, he that fi
On him, hollow the other.

Enter Lear

Lear. Blow winde and crack
You carterickes, and Hircanios
The ſteeples, drownd the cocke
Thought executing fires, vaunt
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolts, ſ
And thou all ſhaking thunder,
The thicke rotundity of the wo
Mold, all Germains ſpill at onc
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court ho
Is better then this raine water
Good Nunckle in, and aske th
Here's a night pitties neyther

Lear. Rumble thy belly ful
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire
I taske not you, you Elements
I neuer gaue you kingdome,
You owe me no ſubſcription;
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your fla
Deſpiſed old man, but yet I ca
Miniſters, that haue with two
Your high engendered batte
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe t
peece, the codpeece that wil
head and he ſhall lowſe, ſo
makes his toe, what he his he
cry woe, and turne his ſleep
faire woman, but ſhe made
Lear. No, I will be the pa
I will ſay nothing.

E

Kent. Who's there?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34